

## The Evening World

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## UNTIL THE IFS ARE SETTLED.

**S**INCE the shock of the first news concerning the Arabic, American public and American press have discussed the act from every point of view, have considered every possible circumstance that might render it less an outrage of American rights.

If the Arabic was warned; if she tried to escape after she was warned; if she was conveyed; if, with a departing escort still in sight, she could be said to have been even technically under convey; if she was hurrying to aid the sinking Dunsley—all these ifs are invoked to mitigate the sinister significance of the reports.

Official investigation must settle these questions one by one. Meanwhile there is nothing to be gained from excitement. Nor, as a matter of fact, does the public appear to need calming. The country's first word of anger matched the seriousness of the provocation. Now it seems perfectly ready to keep cool and go about its normal business until it has to act.

## A VISION DENIED US.

**T**WENTY years ago Boichiro Asano, an able Japanese manufacturer visiting America via the Pacific route, was impressed by the poor quarters given him on an American steamer and by the general backwardness manifested by our people in seizing the trade of the Pacific. He then and there conceived the idea of forming a first class steamship line. In due time the line came into being in the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, which runs the finest steamers on the western ocean.

Mr. Asano is now again in New York—brought hither by the complete retirement of the improved Pacific Mail squadron from the Pacific—with the purpose of taking further steps to provide proper facilities for commerce between America and the Orient.

It has been left to this Japanese gentleman, who began life as a laborer under medieval conditions, to see the Pacific with a vision denied the most enterprising nation in the world—so we fondly fool ourselves into thinking it.

With a world trade before us we are unable to keep seven steamships afloat on the Pacific. The Japanese steamers, now supreme, are far superior in equipment, speed and service to their American rivals. Thirty ships are now on the stocks in Japan, ready at an early date to take up the traffic abandoned by England and Germany. A fleet of Japanese vessels already plies, by way of the Panama Canal, between New York and Vladivostok.

Is the next Congress going to see in facts like these only texts from which to preach more Yellow Peril?

## WHY NINE?

**W**HY should it take nine commissioners to conserve the forests of the State?

Through its Committee on Forests, the New York Board of Trade and Transportation puts this query to the Constitutional Convention. The pending proposal before that body is for a conservation commission of nine members, consisting of one member from each judicial district, appointed by the Governor and removable by the Governor, to serve without compensation, the term of each commissioner after those first appointed to be nine years, and one commissioner to be appointed in each year.

As the Board of Trade and Transportation points out, three-headed and five-headed commissions have been tried and found wanting. They have time and again fostered, in the interest of lumber syndicates, timber cutting schemes which have been blocked only in the nick of time. Boards of unwieldy size are easily packed for political purposes.

The best way to keep forest conservation clear of politics is to leave it in the hands of one appointed commissioner to whom not even a Senate majority shall dictate and who will not be run by his chief clerk.

St. George's Channel has become a recognized whaling ground for German submarines. We should think the British Government would have found it out by this time and protect the vicinity.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

The man who is always blowing his own horn in nine cases out of ten knows only one tune.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

The man who was in the hands of his friends before nomination often has his friends on his hands after election.—*Toledo Blade.*

The man who "take a drink or leave it alone" seldom ever wants to leave it alone if he does take it. He usually sends another one to keep it company.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A mighty mean man is seldom a man of might.—*Deseret News.*

## Letters From the People

**The Blockade.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read recently your fine, brave, noble, truly American editorial on England's blockade of American goods. I cannot pass it by without my highest compliments for such courage. To your fine, brave paper do we come for an honest statement of ocean blockade and the nerve of crafty old England in displaying such jealousy of our sea trade; she won't even let us receive or ship what we want to neutral countries. Outside of munition factories which are getting rich off this war the rest of our sea trade is largely held up. Your newspaper is mighty and we loyal Americans are shouting your praise in publishing the truth of both sides. A. A. S.  
A Post-Office Clerk's Woe.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Owing to numerous inquiries of friends who seem to have the mistaken opinion that the life of a post-

office clerk is one to be envied I wish herewith to state a few facts. In the letter department of one division of a branch post-office we are often compelled to work nights, regardless of fifteen or twenty years of continuous service. Imagine there being absolutely no running water to drink in some branch offices among two or three hundred men working at one time. The water cooler is old and supposed to be kept clean by the laborers (weekly), who also have charge of cleaning the floors and the corridors. A clerk, I believe, must also be twenty-five years in the service in order to maintain day work regularly. There are no half holidays on Saturday for those who work hardest. And should a clerk become sick on Saturday and Monday (over his Sunday off) he loses pay. However, I think these faults will eventually be eliminated when things are run up to date and not the same as they have been for the past thirty-five or forty years. **CLERK.**

## Men Who Fail



Seeking Business Advice.

## The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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**"W**ELL," remarked the head polisher, "our friends the Germans have sent more American citizens to join those who were slaughtered on the Lusitania." "Undoubtedly," declared the laundry man, "the sinking of the Arabic must be considered by the people of this country as the answer of Germany to the Lusitania note of the United States forwarded to Berlin a month ago. That note has been ignored by the German diplomats. Apparently the task of replying to it was intrusted by the German Government to the navy, and that efficient organization has presented the reply in the form of a torpedo." "From the conversations I have heard in public places in this town since last Thursday the torpedo form of reply is not satisfactory. In the last German note on the Lusitania affair the Imperial Government had the crust to suggest to the United States that this Government take over some of the German passenger steamships rotting at their piers here, place them under the American flag and use them for the purpose of conveying citizens of the United States across the Atlantic. Even this proposal was not allowed to excite our Government or our people, for it was assumed that Germany would eventually understand that the United States will insist on the right of its citizens to travel on the high seas under the guarantee of safety provided in international law and the customs of civilized nations at war.

"Our assumption was far-fetched. Germany will not understand the attitude of this country. Our last note was plain enough to be understood even by German diplomacy if said diplomacy was disposed to understand."

"Plainly the United States cannot hope for an understanding with Germany based on correspondence. In response to our clear and simply written protest Germany has sent us a message, evasive and impudent, written message and one torpedo. It is the torpedo that counts."

"Although Germany is far from realization of the fact, there is in this country—latent but easily stirred into activity—a tremendous spirit of national self respect. Any officer of the Government who fails to appreciate the situation is scheduled to encounter a large and vivid shock within a very short period of time."

"Not a Chance!"

**"D**O you think they'll ever punish the members of the mob that lynched Leo Frank?" asked the head polisher. "Not a chance," replied the laundry man. "Even though some of them should be arrested, they wouldn't be honestly prosecuted. And it is doubtful if a jury could be found in Georgia to vote for conviction."

There is no use in trying to dis-

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**"S**assah!" said Mrs. Jarr in a tense whisper as she opened the door of the home nest for husband and father. "All right," Mr. Jarr whispered back, "I'll sassah." And he tiptoed in and once inside asked, "S'matter?" "She's going to leave him," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "She can stand no more."

"They'll trundle her away in an invalid chair if she's going to leave him and can stand no more," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"I cannot understand how you can be so callous at such a tragedy under your very eyes!" replied Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "I'm speaking of the Wilkines, downstairs."

"Then it's a tragedy beneath my feet, so to speak, rather than beneath my eyes," replied Mr. Jarr. "And, dearie, my heart is not hard, but believe me I have troubles of my own."

"You have no trouble like that. You

haven't a drinking husband, like that poor woman!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I should hope not!" said Mr. Jarr, fervently. "And now, my little brown wren, what is the deuce of it?"

"I am not your little brown wren, and I don't understand your language at all," retorted Mrs. Jarr. "I only know that I told her that the man was hopeless, and if I were in her place we should part!"

"But you are not in her place, and we are not going to part," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I'm not talking about us; I'm talking about them—the Wilkines. Mrs. Jarr replied. "Poor Mrs. Wilkines has been up here all afternoon, crying her eyes out. She has no one to sympathize with her except her father and her unmarried aunt and her two sisters who are out at the San Francisco Fair!"

"Distant relatives, eh?" Mr. Jarr remarked.

"Don't try to be funny," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's a great tragedy, I tell you. I asked Mrs. Wilkines to have a headache powder, because I always try to have some refreshments in the house in case a friend drops in unexpectedly. Of course I do not care to mix up in other people's affairs, just as I told her. So when she asked me if she could bring some of the letters she found in his pocket and ask my advice and yours when you came home I said 'yes.'"

"Count me out!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "You'd stand by the man, of course," said Mrs. Jarr. "Hush, I hear Mrs. Wilkines coming now. Stay right here!"

But Mr. Jarr tore himself away and made for the fire escape at the back.

"How are you feeling now, you poor dear?" was Mrs. Jarr's greeting to the visiting neighbor.

"I have had a good cry and I wrote a long letter to my people," answered Mrs. Wilkines, a faded little woman of thirty.

"Just put it out of your mind," counseled Mrs. Jarr, in that easy manner in which we tell others to forget their troubles.

"I am a most unhappy woman," Mr. Jarr could hear the visitor wail. "I have never known a happy moment since I married him. My father set him up in business three times, and he doesn't do anything but drink and carry on. Wait till you see the letters!"

"Oh, I don't care to see the letters, my dear," said Mrs. Jarr as she reached for the incriminating epistles, "forgive and forget. Give him another chance."

Mrs. Wilkines sobbed. "That's easy

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon  
By Helen Rowland

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**M**Y DAUGHTER, by the banks of the Waters of Hudson I came upon two Brides each of whom had been married seven weeks.

And I sat me within hearing and harkened secretly, for they were talking SHOP.

And the First Bride addressed the Second, saying:

"Lo, is it not WONDERFUL to be married! Yes, is it not delightful to wear a wedding ring and to possess a tressoussant and to be able to say of a Great Big Beautiful Husband:

"THAT belongs to me!"

"Is it not comforting to know that thou art 'settled' and shall nevermore be called 'Spinster' and 'Poor Thing' and 'Nice Girl' by patronizing married women?"

"Verily, verily, how lonely is the single life and how pathetic the existence of the Bachelor Girl, for marriage is a Woman's Destiny, and to be loved and petted and worked for and waited on by an Husband—THAT is life!"

"BUT—"

"Tell me, I pray thee, hath thy Beloved attempted to make thee do thy hair another way yet?"

"Hath he cast anathemas upon thy shoes and found fault with ALL thy hats?"

"Hath he besought thee to wear SIMPLER frocks and to discard thy rouge and thy powder and thy curling tongs and thy French heels and thy pin curls?"

"Hath he observed thy manners in public that they were not dignified, and besought thee to revise thy conversation and to curb thy frivolity?"

"Yes, hath he begun to REMODEL thee in all things from thy diet unto the brand of thy tooth-powder and the choice of thy sachet?"

And the Second Bride sighed softly and made answer, saying:

"Thou hast spoken. Verily, verily, I UNDERSTAND!"

"Is not an Husband a WONDERFUL Being?"

"Behold, how handsome he appeareth in an evening coat!"

"Yes, in his tennis flannels and his racy clothes he is fresher and more radiant than the Rose of Mornins."

"How kissable is he when he goeth forth newly shaven and arrayed in silken shirts at Palm Beach Club!"

"Lo, how Big and Brave and Strong he appeareth when he smiteth the ball upon the golf links!"

"How Dauntless is he in the saddle and in the surf and upon the tennis court!"

"BUT—"

"Hast thou SEEN him in a dressing gown and without a collar and with his face covered with shaving lather?"

"Hast thou discovered that his back is too weak to permit him to pick up things after himself, and his muscles too weak to place the studs within his shirt or to pack his own grip or to dally with the lawn-mower?"

"Hast thou BEHELD him while he slept with his MOUTH open?"

And thereupon the First Bride and the Second Bride gazed at one another profoundly and remarked that the day was Fine and the Weather UNUSUAL.

Selah.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy  
By Famous Authors

ON HUMAN GLORY. By Daniel Defoe.

**I**HAVE employed myself of late pretty much in the study of history and have been reading the stories of the great men of past ages. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, the great Augustus, Louis XIV. and even to John, Duke of Marlborough. In my way I met with Tamerlane, the Scythian, Tormontebus the Egyptian, Solymann the Magnificent, and others of the Mohammedan or Ottoman race, and after all the great things they have done I find it said of them all, one after another, AND THEN HE DIED.

All dead, dead, dead; his jacket is the finishing part of his history. Some lie in the bed of honor, and some in honor's truckle bed. Some were bravely slain in battle on the field of honor, some in the storm of a counter-revolution and died in the ditch of honor, some here, some there—the bones of the bold and the brave, the cowardly and the base, the hero and the scoundrel, are heaped up together. There they lie in oblivion and under the ruins of the earth, undistinguished from one another, nay, even from the common earth.

How many hundreds of thousands of the bravest fellows then in the world lie in heaps in the ground, where bones are this day ploughed up by the rustics or dug up by the laborer, and the earth, the more noble vital parts are converted to have been perhaps applied to the meanest uses.

How have we scorned the ashes of heroes to make our mortar and mingled the remains of a Roman general to make a hog sty! Where are the ashes of a Caesar and the remains of a Pompey, a Scipio or a Hannibal? All are vanished; they and their very monuments are mouldered into earth; their dust is lost and their place knows them no more. They live only in the immortal writings of their historians and poets, the renowned statuers of the ages they lived in, and who have made us think of the persons not as they really were, but as they were pleased to represent them.

As the greatest men so the longest lived. The Methusalems of the antediluvian world, the accounts of them all end in the same way. Methusalem lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years—what then? And THEN HE DIED.

We solemnize the obsequies of the great Marlborough, all his victories, all his glories, his great prowess, his schemes of war, his uninterrupted series of conquests—all is ended with other men, and indeed all men, ended—HE IS DEAD. We have nothing left us of this great man that we can converse with but his monument and his history. He is now numbered among things passed. Such is the end of human glory.

What then is the work of life, what the business of great men that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph as these men we call heroes have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame and take up many pages in history? Alas! That is more than making a tale for the tale of posterity till it turns into fable and romance.

What after all is glory without virtue? What is honor without merit? And what can be called true merit but that which makes a person be a good man as well as a great man? If we believe in a future state of life, a place for the rewards of good men and for the punishments of the wicked, virtue, how few of heroes and famous men crowd in among the last! How few crowned heads wear the crown of immortal felicity!

## When the Cable Was a Failure.

**T**HE American steamship Niagara began to lay the Atlantic cable about fifty-seven years ago. An attempt to lay the cable had been made the previous year at Valentia, Ireland, but after a few miles the cable snapped. A second attempt failed after three hundred miles of wire had been paid out, and the project was abandoned until the summer of 1858. After overcoming many obstacles the British and American vessels employed in the special task were successful, and on AUG. 5, 1858, the first two messages, from the Queen of England to the President of the United States and his reply, passed over the 2,080 miles of cable stretching between Newfoundland and Valentia. The event caused great rejoicing on both sides of the Atlantic, but it proved to be premature, for the insulation of the wire gradually became faulty, and within a month the power of transmitting messages finally ceased. While the failure was naturally a disappointment, the promoters were not disappointed. In 1860 a new company was formed, and six years later a successful cable was in operation. It is estimated that there are now 320,000 miles of cable lines in operation throughout the world.

for you to say," she sniffed. "You have a good husband who holds his position, brings you home his salary, who is steady and reliable and isn't a weakling who drinks and flirts!"

"Not so loud," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "Mr. Jarr is in the next room; he may hear you." Mrs. Jarr closed the door as she spoke, for it does not do to spoil the best of husbands by letting him hear too many good things about himself.

Even Mrs. Wilkines, married to a wretch, sensed this. "Aren't those dreadful letters—calling him 'Twin-kies' and 'Toodies'?" she asked. "I could stand his drinking, but when I found these letters in his pocket I knew the end had come."

"Maybe some joker, some cruel practical joker, put them in his pocket," Mrs. Jarr suggested. "Mrs. Jarr says they do such things!"

"Thoughtful husbands tell this tale. It is a good excuse in time of peril."

"But these letters are genuine," cried Mrs. Wilkines. "I know the handwriting!"

"Well, since you know the truth, I can tell you your husband is a wretch," said Mrs. Jarr. "Why could you tell you?"

"Don't tell me anything!" snapped Mrs. Wilkines. "Everybody is in the conspiracy against my poor Aubrey!"

"And that's the thanks we get!" said Mrs. Jarr to Mr. Jarr afterward.

"I told you we shouldn't have anything to do with others' affairs!"